

REV. 5/10/88

SHINING TIME STATION

EPISODE #4  
"Pitching In and Helping Out"

Second Draft  
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From characters and series storyline  
created by Britt Allcroft and  
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SHINING TIME STATION (W.T.)  
EPISODE FOUR

(FADE IN:

STATION --STACY ON LADDER, PEERING  
AT CLOCK. SHE GIVES IT A RAP  
--SFX SPRINGS POPPING, GEARS  
GRINDING. SHE LOOKS SURPRISED, A  
LITTLE AMUSED, RAPS AGAIN. SFX:  
A RATCHETING SOUND, AND A GREAT  
BOING! --IT'S DONE FOR. SHE  
STARES AT IT, MAYBE TWIRLS THE  
HANDS, WHICH SPIN LOOSE AND  
USELESS. SCHEMER IS EXAMINING  
SOMETHING IN THE ARCADE.)

STACY

Now that's what I call a  
broken clock.

(SCHEMER RISES AND STARTS TO  
LEAVE, A BUSY MAN. HE CARRIES A  
TARNISHED, DECREPIT OLD TEA POT.)

STACY

Schemer, how'd you like to  
help me fix this thing?

SCHEMER

Impossible, Miss Jones.

I'm much too busy. Busy,  
busy, busy.

STACY

But don't you think our  
passengers will need to  
know the time?

STATION -- STACY SCHEMER, PEERING  
AT CLOCK. SHE GIVES IT A RAP  
-- STACY SCHEMER: ~~That's not the question~~  
GRINDING. SHE LOOKS SURPRISED, A  
LITTLE. ~~The question is, do I want~~  
A RATCHETING SOUND, AND A GREAT  
BOING. ~~them to know the time?~~  
SHE STARES AT IT, MAYBE TWIRLS THE  
HANDS. ~~And the answer is~~ AND  
USELESS. ~~SOFT TO BE EXAMINING~~  
SHE ~~(ponders for a second)~~ No

way! STACY

Now what's ~~STACY~~ call a

Schemer, if they don't

know the time, they'll

~~miss their train!~~ STACY  
SCHEMER: HE STARTS TO  
LEAVE. A SUCY MAN. HE CARRIES A  
TARNISHED, DECORATED OLD TEA POT.) SCHEMER

Exactly. And they'll have

to wait for the next

train. And what will they

do while they're waiting?

(gestures toward arcade)

They'll spend money

playing my games.

Smart, eh? (holds up old

tea pot)

SCHEMER

Antique tea pot, Miss  
Jones. Just needs a  
little polish. A mere  
five dollars and boom:  
it's yours.

STACY

That tea pot's a mess!

SCHEMER

All right, four dollars.  
(Stacy laughs; Schemer  
remains deadpan)  
Three.

STACY

Schemer, you were going to  
throw it out!

(SCHEMER GLARES AT HER, PLACES  
STAND TO THE SIDE, IN VIEW.)

SCHEMER

Rock bottom offer: Two  
dollars. I'll just leave  
it here while you think  
about it. See you later.

(MATT AND TANYA ARRIVE AS SCHEMER  
EXITS. HE GROWS UNCTUOUS.)

SCHEMER

Well, well. Matt and  
Tanya. Salutations.

MATT AND TANYA  
(dryly, unfazed)  
Hi, Schemer...

(SCHEMER, ON HIS WAY OUT THE DOOR,  
TRIPS OVER HIS SHOE LACE.)

five dollars and boom:

SCHEMER

it's yours.

Darn shoe laces!

TANYA

(HE GLARES AT THE KIDS DURING THEM.  
TO LAUGH. BOTH STIELE GIGGLES.  
SCHEMER REMEMBERS HIMSELF, SMILES.)

SCHEMER

SCHEMER

All right, four dollars.

My two favorite children.

(Stacy laughs: Schemer

remains dejected)

(SCHEMER EXITS. MATT AND TANYA  
MOVE TO LADDER.)

TANYA

Wow, Stacy, can't I come up?

there? as out!

SCHEMER PLACES STACY PLACES  
HOLD TO THE LADDER. MATT

Not so fast, Tanya. I'm

SCHEMER

trying to fix the clock.

Look, Tanya, I'll be

Tell you what--you hold

dollars. I'll just leave

the ladder, and Matt, you

is here while you think

get me the big screwdriver

from the toolbox over

there.

MATT

Sure...

(MATT GOES TO TOOLBOX. STAY ON  
TANYA AND STACY.)

TANYA

What's the matter with it?

(GESTURING "WATCH THIS," STACY  
RAPS THE CLOCK WITH A FIST. SFX:  
RANDOM ARRAY OF SOUNDS--GEARS,  
BELLS, CUCKOO, MAYBE A PIANO  
GLISSANDO, CAR-HORN HONK, ETC.  
TANYA'S DELIGHTED.)

TANYA (CONT'D)

That's neat. I like that!

(SFX TRAIN)

STACY

Me, too. But it doesn't  
tell us the time. There's  
no way to tell if that  
train's on time if I can't  
tell the time. Now  
where's that screwdriver?

(ANGLE ON MATT AT TOOLBOX--HE  
HOLDS SCREWDRIVER IN ONE HAND,  
HOLDS UP BALL OF STRING IN OTHER.)

MATT

Can I have this?

(HE CARRIES BOTH OVER TO LADDER,  
HANDS STACY SCREWDRIVER.)

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

3

STACY

(looking bashful)

Well, as a matter of fact,

I made it up

MR. CONDUCTOR

Not bad. For a beginner

STACY

Thank you. (PUTS DOWN

SCREWDRIVER; CLIMBS DOWN.)

What I need is oil. Be

right back.

(STACY EXITS)

MATT

Did you really know Aunt

Stacy's grandmother?



MR. CONDUCTOR

Once upon a time, along  
time ago, Stacy's granny  
used to run this station.  
That's when I met her.  
Why, she could tell you  
which train was coming  
just by its whistle. And  
she was very good at  
having fun. Better than  
most people, in fact.

*Good*

TANYA

That's silly. Everybody  
knows how to have fun.  
Stacy's grandMR. G.  
That's not true, Tanya.  
Do you mind if I call you  
Tanya Lasagna? Good. No,  
you see, everybody likes  
to have fun, but not  
everybody knows how to go  
about it. Stacy does.  
And so did her grandmother.

*Good*

*good*

MATT

(holds up a loop of string)

What did she do with  
string?

MR. C.

Why she used to play Cat's  
Cradle. All the time.

TANYA

Oh, I can do that.

(TANYA TAKES STRING FROM MATT,  
LOOPS IT AROUND HER HANDS, ETC.,  
UNDER--)

MATT

Who did she used to play  
it with?

MR. C.

Who else? Your Aunt Stacy.

(TANYA HOLDS IT UP. MATT TAKES  
IT. SHE TAKES IT BACK--AND GETS  
TANGLED UP)

TANYA

Help! I'm stuck!

MATT

Wait a minute--

MATT UNTIES TANYA.

TANYA

Thanks.

MR. C.

Well done, Matt. It makes  
you feel good when you  
help someone out, doesn't  
it? Over on the Island of  
Sodor, the engines all  
say, it makes you feel  
really useful. Like once  
when James needed

help--well, you'll see ...

(TANIA TAKES STRING FROM MATT,  
LIPS IT AROUND HER HANDS, ETC.)  
(HE BLOWS WHISTLE: STEAM EFFECT)

(DISSOLVE TO) MATT

(2 THOMAS EPISODE #7--"THOMAS AND  
THE BREAKDOWN TRAIN")

(DISSOLVE TO  
3 MAIN SET)

TANYA

I bet Thomas felt really  
important when he was  
pulling the breakdown  
train.

MR. C.

Oh, no. He was worried  
about James. He wanted to  
help him.

*OK Transition*

MATT

I wish someone would help  
us figure out what to do  
with the rest of this  
string.

MR. C.

You'll have to help each  
other with that, I'm  
afraid. Now please excuse  
me for a minute. Here's my  
house I must go in it.

(HE DISAPPEARS INTO STATION HOUSE.)

MATT

Wait a second. Once Aunt  
Stacy showed me how to  
make flowers out of  
string--

TANYA

Flowers? How?

MATT

Let's see ...

(INTERCUT BETWEEN HIS HANDS AND  
THEIR FACES, AS MATT FASHIONS  
FLOWER OUT OF STRING. AD LIB  
SUITABLE COVERING PHRASES, EG,  
"THERE ... THEN YOU DO THIS,"  
ETC. FINALLY--)

MATT

Ta daa! See?

TANYA

What the heck is this?  
That's not a flower.

MATT

It's a string flower.  
You'll have to help each

TANYA

...with that. The  
(brightening, inspired)  
afraid. Now please excuse  
Oh! Yes! Okay--

...because I must go to it.  
(SHE STARTS TO MAKE ONE, AND MATT  
ANOTHER. CONTINUE WITH THAT FOR  
AS LONG AS NECESSARY, FOCUSING ON  
THEIR INTENT FACES, UNTIL--  
ANGLE ON SET--MATT LOOKS UP AT HIM  
AS TANYA WORKS.)MATT

Wait a MR.CONDUCTOR

Well, it looks like you've  
made real progress.

MATT

We're making flowers.

TANYA

String flowers.

MATT

You know, you can do a lot  
with string.

MR. C.

Sometimes string can do a  
lot with itself.

MATT

Huh?

TANYA

That doesn't make sense!

MR. CONDUCTOR

It will in a minute. Just  
look at this--

(HE HOLDS OUT HAND, AND MAGIC  
BUBBLE APPEARS.)  
(CUT TO

4 INSERT: ACQUIRED  
FOOTAGE--STRING ANIMATION)

(CUT TO

5 ANGLE ON SET--HARRY ENTERS  
PENSIVELY, GOES TO JUKE BOX,  
FISHES IN POCKET FOR NICKEL, PUTS  
IT IN.)

HARRY

I been thinking of this  
song all morning. Woke up  
with it in my head, and  
can't get it out.

(inserts nickel)

(CUT TO:

6 INT. JUKE BOX--THE BAND IS IN  
PLACE. NICKEL DESCENDS.)

TITO

Hey, man, it's groove

time. Like go get that

nickel, Didi, and let's

wail.

DIDI

Forget it, Tito. I got

all my pots and pans in

the right position for

once I'm all set up nice

there.

ANGLE ON THE BASSIN ENTERS

YOU GET IT, TITO. PLEASE, TITO

TITO

HAPPY

I was set up nice, too,

I been thinking at this

man, ...

song all morning. Time up

(TITO GETS UP AND RETRIEVES THE  
NICKEL; PUTS IT DOWN, RETURNS TO  
PIANO, UNDER--)

TEX

Are you nice and comfy

there, Rex?

REX

Why I sure am. Thank you,

Tex.

TEX

You're welcome, Rex.

TITO

(dryly)

Okay, everybody comfy and  
nice? Good. "Railroad  
Corral", and one, and two--

(MUSIC UP. "RAILROAD CORRAL")

(CUT TO

7 INTERCUT: BAND, TRAIN FOOTAGE,  
COWBOYS ROPING CATTLE)

(CUT TO

(HARRY'S WORKSHOP--HARRY IS  
SITTING AT DESK, FUSSING OVER  
SOMETHING ON HIS WORKBENCH A SMALL  
WINDOW SIGN (SAY, 8 X 10 INCHES)  
NORMALLY HUNG BY A TINY LINK  
CHAIN. THE CHAIN IS BROKEN, AND  
HE'S TRYING TO MEND IT. IT'S NOT  
WORKING. THE TABLE IS COVERED  
WITH SOLDER EQUIPMENT. HE HUMS  
SONG TO HIMSELF, PUTS SOLDER IRON  
DOWN, AS THE KIDS ENTER.)

TANYA

What are you doing,

Grandpa?



HARRY

What's it look like I'm  
doing? I'm trying to fix  
this sign up. The chain  
snapped off. ~~everybody~~ ~~and~~  
~~and~~ Good MATT. ~~and~~  
What kind of sign is it?

(MUSIC UP. "HARRY CORRAL")

It's a sign for the front

door. ~~of~~ Your Aunt Stacy ~~POSTAGE~~  
~~SOMETHING STOPPING MOTION~~  
said this sign was here

when the station first

(HARRY'S WORKSHOP--HARRY IS  
SITTING) opened, ~~a~~ long time ago. ~~AND~~  
SOMETHING ON HIS WORKBENCH A SMALL  
WOODEN SIGN (ABOUT 10 INCHES)  
HOLDING UP BY A CHAIN. ~~AND~~

What's all this stuff? ~~AND~~  
HE'S TRYING TO MEND IT. IT'S NOT  
WORKING. THE HARRY'S SERVICE  
WITH THE SIGN. ~~AND~~  
(grows chatty, for him) ~~AND~~

Solder. It's supposed to

fix the chain. But it's not  
working. Maybe this time  
will do it.

(beat; awkwardly)

What've you kids been  
doing?

TANYA

Mr. Conductor showed us  
some string that moved  
around!

HARRY

(uncomprehending; humoring  
her)  
Uh-huh.

TANYA

And he told us a story  
about Thomas the tank  
engine, and James.

HARRY

Sounds like a real  
interesting fella.

TANYA

(reaching to touch sign)  
Is it done yet?

HARRY

Now keep your paws to  
yourself.  
(looks at it critically;  
moves kids aside with his  
hand)  
Now stand back. Gimme  
some room.

(THE KIDS FALL BACK AS HARRY STANDS AND GIVES THE MEND ONE FINAL BLOW TO DRY IT. HE CAREFULLY REACHES OUT AND LIFTS IT UP--THE CHAIN HOLDS, DANGLING FREE.)

HARRY

HARRY

(uncomprehending; humming

Uh-huh...

her)

TANYA

Uh-huh.

It works--!

TANYA

And he told us a story

(HARRY WAVES HER QUIET WITH A GESTURE; THEN CAREFULLY HANGS THE SIGN ON A HOOK OR PEG ON HIS TOOL BOARD (OR WHATEVER) AS IT HOLDS. THE SIGN (IN PERIOD FRONT) COULD READ SOMETHING LIKE:)

Sound SHINING TIME STATION

Trains

From Here... To Everywhere!

TANYA

HARRY

(reaching to touch sign)

Is it done yet?

Well okay.

HARRY

Now keep your paws to

KIDS

yourself.

YAAAYY!

(looks at sign curiously)

(BEAT--THE CHAIN BREAKS. THE SIGN FALLS OFF. DEAD QUIET.)

(HARRY REGARDS IT, NODS, TAKES HIS GLASSES OFF, LOWERS HIMSELF INTO HIS CHAIR, AND THINKS ABOUT IT.)

(ANGLE ON KIDS--TANYA WHISPERS SOMETHING TO MATT, WHO NODS AND STEPS FORWARD SHYLY AND OFFERS STRING.)

MATT

Harry...? Maybe you could  
use this?

(CU--HARRY TAKES THE STRING AND  
LOOKS AT IT AS THOUGH HE'S NEVER  
SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.)

HARRY

What in tarnation is  
this? String?

(HE GETS UP, DEADPAN BUT RESOLUTE,  
AND GETS FROM HIS TOOLS A PAIR OF  
WIRE CUTTERS. SITS BACK DOWN AND  
GRABS SIGN.)

HARRY (CONT'D)

I've been thinking too  
*sodor*  
much about sodor.

(snorts)

String. Now that's the  
ticket.

(HE CUTS THE CHAIN OFF THE SIGN AT  
BOTH ENDS. THEN HE RAPIDLY  
THREADS SEVERAL LENGTHS OF STRING  
THROUGH THE EYELETS THAT HELD THE  
CHAIN, TIES IT OFF, AND HANGS THE  
SIGN AGAIN. IT HOLDS.)

KIDS

YAYY--

HARRY

(motions for quiet)

Kids: I want to thank you

very much. It was a heck

of a good idea. Big help.  
I've never seen anything like it before.

(HE SHUFFLES BACK TO WORKBENCH,  
BUSIES HIMSELF WITH SOMETHING, A  
LITTLE EMBARRASSED AS THE KIDS TAKE  
THEIR CUE, AND MOVE TOWARD DOOR.)

(this? Spring)

TANYA

"We see you later, Grandpa."  
AND GETS FROM HIS TOOLS A PAIR OF  
TIRE MUTTERS. (HARRY AND  
MATT START.)

(mutters and waves)

I've been thinking too

(CUT TO:

much about cedar.

MAIN STATION AREA --MATT AND TANYA  
EMERGE FROM HARRY'S OFFICE. MR.  
CONDUCTOR APPEARS, SEATED ON THE  
INFORMATION DESK.)

MATT

(holds up string)

There's only a little bit  
left. Several lengths of string  
left. The string that will be  
left. The string that will be

TANYA

Let's do something really  
special with it!

MR. CONDUCTOR

My you have been busy. Of  
course, string can be a  
great problem solver.  
Now, why does that  
reminds me of James...?

TANYA

Thomas' friend? The  
train? You can't fix a  
train with string.

MR. CONDUCTOR

I didn't say you could.

TANYA

Good. Because you can't.

MR. C.

It was a shoe-lace.

TANYA

A shoe-lace?

MR. CONDUCTOR

And a newspaper.

MATT

Really?

MR. CONDUCTOR

Really.

My you have been busy. Of

(THEY TURN, SEE HIM AT STATION  
HOUSE. HE POINTS OVER HIS  
SHOULDER "TOWARDS SODOR".)

MR. CONDUCTOR

They're very clever on the  
Island of Sodor. Almost  
as clever as your Grandpa,  
Miss Tanya Lasagna. Let  
me show you.

MR. CONDUCTOR

(HE BLOWS WHISTLE: SAME EFFECT

DISSOLVE TO

10 THOMAS EPISODE #8-- "JAMES AND  
THE COACHES")

(DISSOLVE TO

11 ANGLE ON STATION HOUSE)

MATT

It wasn't James' fault  
that happened. It wasn't  
even the coaches' fault.  
It was because he had  
those bad brakes.

MR. CONDUCTOR

That's true. But if he  
hadn't been banging the  
coaches about--

STACY (O.S.)

Aha! Oh, fooey...

(12 LOST AND FOUND AREA--STACY IS  
RUMMAGING THROUGH EVERYTHING IN  
SEARCH OF A LITTLE CAN OF OIL.)

STACY

I know it's here. I just  
used it the other day.

(MR. CONDUCTOR APPEARS, WATCHES  
HER FOR A SECOND.)

MR. CONDUCTOR

Perhaps I can be of  
service.

STACY

(preoccupied; not looking  
at him)

No, no , I'll do it--

MR. CONDUCTOR

I'd like to help--

STACY

Mr. Conductor, please, I  
have to learn to do these  
repairs myself.



STACY (CONT'D)

(snaps fingers)

I just remembered where it

is!

MR. CONDUCTOR

You mean the oil?

ALL LOST AND STACY--STACY IS  
SEARCHING THROUGH EVERYTHING IN  
SEA How did you know I was

looking for the oil?

MR. CONDUCTOR

Oh, just a lucky guess.

STACY  
(STACY OPENS A SHOE BOX, AND:)

(SFX: CORNY CHA-CHA VERSION OF  
"TEA FOR TWO")

(RESUME--STACY SHUTS DOOR)

STACY

Sorry... Wrong box...

(SHE SLAMS BOX SHUT. THEN STARTS  
UPSTAGE TOWARD THE ARCH.)

MR. C.

Where are you going?

STACY

Outside, to look on the  
platform.

MR. C.

It's not out there.

STACY

Then tell me! Where is it?

(ANGLE ON MR. C. HE IS A LITTLE  
WOUNDED BY HER TONE.)

MR. C.

You needn't snap at me,  
you know, I may be small,  
but I have feelings, too.

STACY

I'm sorry. I should have  
said please--. It's just  
that I've been trying to  
fix the clock--

MR. CONDUCTOR

The clock? Oh, well,  
that's different, isn't  
it? Do you know, I've  
been late for every one of  
my appointments for the  
last nine years, three  
months, one week, four  
days, eight hours, two  
minutes, and twenty-three  
seconds?

STACY

That's why I need the  
oil! Then I can open the  
clock and fix it.

MR. CONDUCTOR

Look on the floor of the  
ticket booth. I saw you  
leave it there yesterday.

STACY

The ticket booth. Oh!

Thanks.

MR. CONDUCTOR

Not at all. It's a  
pleasure to help.

CUT TO:

(ARCADE--MATT AND TANYA STAND AT  
THE NICKELODEON.)

(TANYA NODS, "TAKE A LOOK." MATT  
STEPS UP AND STARTS TURNING THE  
HANDLE.)

CUT TO:

(MUSICAL NUMBER: FLEISCHER - A  
LITTLE HELP GOES A LONG WAY)

CUT TO:

(MAIN SET--STACY EMERGES FROM  
DOORWAY FROM PREVIOUS SCENE, A CAN  
OF 3-IN-ONE OIL IN HER HAND.)

STACY

Ta-daa!

(to Mr. Conductor)

Thank you. I couldn't  
have done it without your  
help

MR. CONDUCTOR

You're quite welcome.

(glancing towards main  
entrance)

Whoops! That fellow  
again. Oh, well--ta-ta-,

Stacy! And remember:

Some folks make you want

to laugh and shout/But at  
the Nickelodeon.

some folks you can live

without? STACY'S TURNING THE  
HANDLE.

(HE VANISHES. SCHEMER STRIDES  
BACK IN, IMPATIENT AS ALWAYS.)

(PHYSICAL THERAPIST STACY ENTERS - A  
LITTLE HELP GOES A LONG WAY)

(not seeing Schemer)

So long, Mr. Conductor.

STACY EMERGES FROM  
LOCKER ROOM. SCHEMER JOINS. A CAR  
IT'S ALL IN HER HAND.

You're losing your

marbles, kiddo Talking to  
Ta-daa.

the furniture. Bad sign.

STACY

Thank you. I couldn't

Oh, Schemer, It's you.

SCHEMER

The one and only.

(AND HE TRIPS OVER HIS SHOE LACE  
GOES CAREENING, MUST CATCH HIMSELF  
ON THE INFORMATION DESK AS MATT  
AND TANYA ENTER FROM THE ARCADE.)

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

These darn laces!

STACY

Why don't you try tying  
them?

SCHEMER

Can't. Too busy. (a beat)

Besides, every time I tie

my shoelaces they come

untied again. Now watch.

Just watch this. You'll

see.

(HE BENDS OVER AND GIVES THEM A  
SHARP YANK, WHICH CAUSES ONE TO  
SNAP OFF IN HIS HAND. IT GIVES  
HIM A FRIGHT.)

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

Yah! Now look what you

made me do!

(tries the other ones;

same result)

YAAHH!

(flings laces to the

ground)

There, see? Take all the

time to tie them, they

break off in your hand.

Just as well. I don't

need shoe laces.

(HE STARTS TO WALK, AND PROMPTLY WALKS OUT OF HIS SHOES, WHICH GO FLOPPING THIS WAY AND THAT, WHILE HE IS LEFT IN HIS SOCKS. AS BEFORE, HE WINDS UP FACING MATT AND TANYA, BOTH TRYING TO SUPPRESS HILARITY.)

SCHEMER

This is not my fault, I'm  
a businessman. I don't  
know anything about shoes.

(both kids nod solemnly)

They're not my field! My  
field is vending  
machines! Games. Money.

(pause) ~~THEY ARE NOT THE~~  
~~ARE NOT THE~~ ~~THEY ARE NOT THE~~  
~~THEY ARE NOT THE~~ ~~THEY ARE NOT THE~~  
Did you kids go to the  
Arcade today?

(ANGLE ON STACY--SHE SPIES THE  
REMAINING BALL OF STRING IN MATT'S  
HAND, AND DRAMATICALLY POINTS AT  
IT, ARM COMPLETELY EXTENDED.)

(REVERSE ANGLE--THE KIDS SEE HER  
POINT, AND LOOK AT HER,  
BEWILDERED.)

(RESUME--STACY CROOKS HER INDEX  
FINGER AND MOTIONS "COME HERE" TO  
THEM. THEY WALK OVER AS SCHEMER  
FUMES.)

SCHEMER

What. What's going on.

(STACY WHISPERS SOMETHING TO MATT  
AND TANYA. BOTH RECOIL.)

*Great line*

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

I don't like secrets.

Unless they're mine.

TANYA

(to Stacy)

No. This is our string.

And there's only a little  
bit left.

MATT

We wanted to do something  
special with it.

STACY

You'd be using it to help  
someone. That's pretty  
special, isn't it?

MATT

But Aunt Stacy...it's  
Schemer.

(ANGLE ON SET: AN INCIDENTAL  
HAPPENING--MATT FALLS SILENT AS A  
MAN IN SCUBA SUIT (WET SUIT, TANK,  
MASK, SPEAR GUN IF POSSIBLE, ETC.)  
PADS IN (ON FLIPPERS) FROM THE  
MAIN ENTRANCE, TOWARD THE  
PLATFORM. HE STOPS, TAKES HIS  
MASK OFF, AND--)

*GOLD FISH IN  
A BOWEL*

SCUBA MAN

When's the next train to  
the beach?

STACY

Twenty minutes.



SCUBA MAN

Thanks.

(HE PUTS HIS MASK BACK ON, PADS  
OUT TOWARDS PLATFORM.)

SCHEMER

(to Stacy)  
See? He doesn't wear  
No. This is our string.  
shoes. Some people know  
And there's only one way  
how to live.

STACY

Come on, kids. Let  
Schemer use your string,  
special with it.  
or he'll be grumbling

about his shoes forever.

(TANYA AND MATT TRADE A SILENT  
LOOK, GIVE A GRUDGING OK. TANYA  
TAKES BALL TO SCHEMER.)

TANYA

Here, Schemer. You can  
use it for shoe laces.

SCHEMER

Well...all-right. Thank  
you. (SCHEMER GRABS THE BALL, AND  
TAKES IT TO HIS ROOM. (SCHEMER  
RETRIEVES HIS SHOES, AND  
SPIES THE TEA POT. HE DROPS THE  
SHOES, GRABS THE TEA POT, AND  
HOLDS IT UP TOWARDS STACY.)

SCHEMER

Two dollars, Miss Jones.

My absolute final offer.

Period.

STACY

No thanks, Schemer.

SCHEMER

One dollar.

STACY

I think I'll pass,

Schemer.

(SCHEMER, STILL HOLDING STAND AND  
STRING, SNORTS, PICKS UP HIS SHOES  
AND WALKS TOWARD THE BENCH. BUT  
HE SEES MATT AND TANYA, STOPS A  
HALF-BEAT TO THINK, THEN  
APPROACHES THEM, ALL PHONY SMILES.)

SCHEMER

Here you are, children.

This lovely antique tea

pot. A present, from me

to you. Isn't it nice?

(HE SHOVES IT IN MATT'S HANDS AND  
EXITS OUT THE ARCH TOWARD THE  
PLATFORM.)

MATT

What do we do with this?

(STACY SNAPS HER FINGERS AND LEAPS  
OVER TO THE STRING FLOWERS AND  
POPS THEM INTO THE POT.)

Order

## Making something

There!

(MUSIC UP AS KIDS GHEER, ALL THREE  
BUSTLE AROUND FOR LADDER, TOOLS,  
ETC. MAYBE HARRY EMERGES FROM HIS  
OFFICE WITH THE SIGN, GOES OVER  
AND HANDS IT TO STACY, WHO EXULTS,  
ETC., UNDER--)

(CLOSING VISUAL: CLOCK AT LAST CHIMES).

(FADE:) SHARP HER FINGERS AND CLASP  
 HER TO HIS CROWN. HER FINGERS  
 HER TO HIS CROWN. HER FINGERS